



SATURDAY...DECEMBER 28, '07

unfavorable reputation.

It was, unquestionably, a fairly fought four-handed battle, and at last, thoroughly convinced of this, Hampton settled quietly down, prepared to play out his game. The stakes grew steadily larger. Several times drinks were served, but Hampton contented himself with a gulp of water, always gripping an unlighted cigar between his teeth. He was playing now with apparent recklessness, never hesitating over a card, his eye as watchful as that of a hawk, his betting quick, confident, audacious. The contagion of his spirit seemed to affect the others, to force them into desperate wagers. The perspiration was beading Slavin's forehead, and now and then an oath burst unrestrained from his hairy lips. Hawes and Willis sat white-faced, bent forward anxiously over the table, their fingers shaking as they handled the fateful cards, but Hampton played without perceptible tremor, his utterances few and monosyllabic, his calm face betraying not the faintest emotion.

And he was steadily winning. Occasionally some other hand drew in the growing stock of gold and bank notes, but not often enough to offset those continued gains that began to heap up in such an alluring pile upon his portion of the table. The lookers-on who had come in began to observe this, and gathered more closely about his chair, fascinated by the luck with which the cards came floating into his hands, the cool judgment of his critical plays, the reckless abandon with which he forced success. Suddenly he forced the fight to a finish. The opportunity came in a jackpot which Hawes had opened.

The betting began with a cool thousand. Then Hampton's turn came. Without drawing his cards yet lying downward before him on the board, his calm features as immovable as the Sphinx, he quietly pushed his whole accumulated pile to the center, named the sum, and leaned back in his chair, his eyes cold, impassive. Hawes threw down his hand, wiping his streaming face with his handkerchief; Willis counted his remaining roll, hesitated, looked again at the faces of his cards, frown aside two, drawing to fill, and called loudly for a show-down, his eyes protruding. Slavin, cursing fiercely under his red beard, having drawn one card, his perplexed face instinctively brightening as he glanced at it, went back into his lip pocket for every cent he had, and added his profligate demand for a chance at the money.

A fortune rested on the table, a fortune the ownership of which was to be decided in a single moment, and by the movement of a hand. Willis was gasping, his whole body quivering; Slavin was watching Hampton's hands as a cat does a mouse, his thick lips parted, his fingers twitching nervously. The latter smiled grimly, his motion deliberate, his eyes never wavering. Slavin, once by eye, he turned up his cards, never even deigning to glance downward, his entire manner that of unstudied indifference. One—two—three. Willis uttered a snarl like a stricken wild beast, and sank back in his chair, his eyes closed, his cheeks ghastly. Four. Slavin brought down his great clenched fist with a crash on the table, a string of oaths bursting unrestrained from his lips. Five. Hampton, never stirring a muscle, sat there like a statue, watching. His right hand kept hidden beneath the table, with his left he quietly drew in the stack of bills and coin, pushing the stuff heedlessly into the side pocket of his coat, his gaze never once wandering from those stricken faces fronting him. Then he softly pushed back his chair and stood erect. Willis never moved, but Slavin rose unsteadily to his feet, gripping the table fiercely with both hands.

"Gentlemen," said Hampton, gravely, his clear voice sounding like the sudden peal of a bell, "I can only thank you for your courtesy in this matter, and bid you all good-night. However, before I go it may be of some interest for me to say that I have played my last game."

Somebody laughed sarcastically, a harsh, hateful laugh. The speaker whirled, took one step forward; there was the flash of an extended arm, a dull crunch, and Red Slavin went crashing backward against the wall. As he gazed up, dazed and bewildered from the floor, the lights glimmered along a blue-steel barrel.

"Not a move, you red brute," and Hampton spurned him contemptuously with his heel. "This is no variety show, and your laughter is in poor taste. However, if you feel particularly hilarious to-night I'll give you another chance. I said this was my last game; I'll repeat it—this was my last game! Now, damn you! If you feel like it, laugh!"

He swept the circle of excited faces, his eyes glowing like two diamonds, his thin lips compressed into a single straight line.

"Mr. Slavin appears to have lost his previous sense of humor," he remarked, calmly. "I will now make my statement for the third time—this was my last game. Perhaps some of you gentlemen also may discover this to be amusing."

The heavy, strained breathing of the motionless crowd was his only answer, and a half smile of bitter contempt curled Hampton's lips, as he swept over them a last defiant glance.

"Not quite so humorous as it seemed to be at first, I reckon," he commented, dryly. "Slavin," and he prodded the red giant once more with his foot, "I'm going out; if you make any at-

tempt to leave this room within the next five minutes I'll kill you in your tracks, as I would a mad dog. You stacked cards twice to-night, but the last time I beat you fairly at your own game."

He held aside the heavy curtains with his left hand and backed slowly out facing them, the deadly revolver shining ominously in the other. Not a man moved. Slavin glowered at him from the floor, an impotent curse upon his lips. Then the red drapery fell.

While the shadows of the long night still hung over the valley, Naida, tossing restlessly upon her strange bed within the humble yellow house at the fork of the trails, was aroused to wakefulness by the pounding of a horse's hoofs on the plank bridge spanning the creek. She drew aside the curtain and looked out, shading her eyes to see clearer through the poor glass. All she perceived was a somewhat deeper amudge when the rider swept rapidly past, horse and man a shapeless shadow. Three hours later she awoke again, this time to the full glare of day, and to the remembrance that she was now facing a new life. As she lay there thinking, her eyes troubled but tearless, far away on the sun-kissed uplands Hampton was spurring forward his horse, already beginning to exhibit signs of weariness.

TO BE CONTINUED.

CONDENSED DISPATCHES.

Notable Events of the Week Briefly Chronicled.

Ex-President Grover Cleveland and Mrs. Cleveland, it is said, both lost money in the Knickerbocker Trust company of New York, which may have led them to sell their real estate located in Omaha.

Captain Augustus Kuhne, chief of the Brooklyn detective bureau, was fined \$250 and sentenced to thirty days in jail by Judge Burr in New York, who adjudged the policeman guilty of contempt of court in disregarding a writ of habeas corpus issued by him on application of counsel for Frank Jenkins, formerly president of the Williamsburg Trust company.

Tuesday, Dec. 17.
The dramatic disappearance from London of Robert C. Caldwell, the American witness in the Druce case, has served to revive interest in the proceedings.

Admiral Rojestvensky, who during the Russo-Japanese war led the ill-starred Russian fleet around Africa to ultimate defeat at the hands of the Japanese in the sea of Japan, is keenly interested in the cruise of the American battleship squadron.

At a Chinese mass meeting held at Canton the "high handed overhauling" of suspected pirate launches and junks on the West river by British warships was denounced. Great Britain is patrolling the West river with a fleet of gunboats in an effort to put a stop to piracy.

While walking on the tracks of the Pennsylvania railroad near Flatland, Pa., Ida Bell, aged seventeen years, of Port Kennedy and Fannie Brunner, eighteen years of age, of Betwood were struck and killed by a passenger locomotive. The crew of the train found the hat of one of the victims on the pilot.

Monday, Dec. 16.
Though born without ears, ten-year-old John Hetzel of Jersey City bears with his mouth. The lad now is at the state school for deaf mutes, where he is a scientific mystery to the staff of physicians.

"Tell Governor Hughes that he is to be congratulated upon the exceptionally efficient administration of his office, and give him my kindest regards." This is the message sent by President Roosevelt to New York's governor.

The body of a man of distinguished appearance, about forty years old, was found in the street at San Francisco. Cards in his pockets bore the name and title "Lieutenant Baron von Habenicht, military attache of the consolidated powers of Europe." The body was attired in stylish garments.

Saturday, Dec. 14.
Mrs. Alice Longworth, wife of Representative Nicholas Longworth and daughter of President Roosevelt, was operated upon for appendicitis successfully at the White House.

After deciding to hold the next Democratic national convention at Denver and fixing the date of the meeting for July 7, 1908, the Democratic national committee accepted after a spirited debate \$100,000 offered by Denver for the convention.

Friday, Dec. 13.
At Sofia, Bulgaria, Boris Sarafoff, the most famous of all the leaders of the Bulgarian bands in Macedonia, was shot dead at the threshold of his house by a Macedonian assassin.

The first formal outcome of the Central American peace conference, now in progress at Washington, and probably the most important result is an agreement for the establishment of a permanent court to settle all disputes that may arise between the countries of Central America in the future.

Thursday, Dec. 12.
President Roosevelt's definite reannouncement of his determination not to accept a third term is generally accepted as leaving no element of doubt in the presidential situation so far as relates to the third term talk and as definitely eliminating Mr. Roosevelt from the contest.

Major General Alexander Hamilton, who died at Tarrytown, N. Y., aged ninety-two, was the oldest grandson of Alexander Hamilton, first secretary of the treasury and aid of George Washington. General Hamilton had a notable record as a churchman, author, philanthropist and soldier.

Tom Johnson Wins Three Cent Fare. CLEVELAND, Dec. 18.—Passengers riding for 3 cents apiece on all the street railway lines of this city is the sight next month is likely to offer. After fighting for many years the Cleveland Electric Railway company and Mayor Tom L. Johnson are about ready to come to terms by which passengers will ride for 3 cents.

QUARTERLY REVIEW

Sunday School Lesson for Dec. 29, 1907

Specially Arranged for This Paper

LESSON TEXT.—Psalm 38.
GOLDEN TEXT.—"Thou crownest the year with thy goodness."—Psalm 65:11.

Scope of the Year's Lessons.
The Period.—From the creation of man to the close of the era of the judges.

Divisions.—1. Creation to the Deluge.
2. Deluge to the Exodus.

Beginning of selected race for religious training.
The Patriarchs.

Joseph.
The Egyptian Bondage.
The Exodus.

3. The Training in the Wilderness.
The making of a nation.
God's wonderful deliverance of his people.

The methods of training: By great men, by miraculous food, by divine guidance, by a code of laws, by a religious home and services, by rewards and punishments.

4. The Republic of God. Joshua and the Judges.
The conquest.
The settlement.

The judges. Note what was done by Shamgar, Barak, Deborah, Gideon, Samson, Jephthah, Eli, Samuel.

The discipline of prosperity and adversity according as the people obey or disobey God's law.

The gradual development of the nation.
5. The Kingdom.

Geography.—Draw a map of the countries known in early times, or note the places referred to in the early history on your map.

Name each country.
Give its modern name and condition.
Name the principal nations. And the chief cities.

State which of these nations and cities were the greatest and most influential, and what their influence has been upon the world.

The Great Men.—Name the 12 men whom you regard as the most noted and influential of all those who have been brought before us during the year.

State one or more things which are especially notable in the life of each one.

The Great Women.—Name the principal women whom we have met during our year's studies, with something characteristic of each one.

The Great Events.—Make a list of 12 greatest events belonging to the period we have been studying.

An Anthology.—A collection of the flowers and gems of the Biblical literature we have been studying.

Tell where each of the following may be found and the circumstances in which they were spoken:

"Let there be light, and there was light."
"Am I my brother's keeper?"
"For dust thou art and unto dust thou shalt return."

"There were giants in those days."
"The voice is Jacob's voice, but the hands are the hands of Esau."
"Unstable as water, thou shalt not excel."

"A land flowing with milk and honey."
"Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his."
"Man doth not live by bread only."

"Showing mercy unto thousands of them that love me and keep my commandments."
"Love thy neighbor as thyself."

"What doth the Lord thy God require of thee, but to fear the Lord thy God, to walk in all his ways, and to love him, and to serve the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul."

"He kept him as the apple of his eye."
"The stars in their courses fought against Sisera."

"Quit yourselves like men."
Moral and Religious Teachings.—What are the greatest and most important truths you can learn from the events of this period?

What from the teachings?
What from the examples?

Hugh Black's Brother.
Rev. James Black, who has begun a pastorate with the Broughton Place United Free church in Edinburgh, already rivals in popularity his brother, Hugh Black, and he is yet under 30 years of age. The church building is crowded to its capacity at the Sunday services.

Doing a Big Work.
St. Giles' Christian mission in London every year gives about 20,000 free breakfasts to discouraged seamen, finds work for 6,000, secures homes for 500 shelterless or destitute women, and takes care of 500 juvenile offenders.

Will Not Consolidate.
The German Presbyterians have decided, after a long controversy, to continue the publication of both their denominational papers instead of consolidating them.

Call for Workers.
The Board of Foreign Missions of the Methodist Episcopal church is appealing for one hundred new missionaries.

Giving and Getting.
A good teacher always gets more out of a lesson than he gives.

Mob Bangs Negro Minstrel.
SHREVEPORT, La., Dec. 18.—A negro member of a traveling minstrel troupe who gave his name as Homer Rogers was hanged by a mob in Morehouse parish and his body riddled with bullets. As far as can be ascertained, the lynching resulted when Rogers resented a remark made by a white man, declaring that he was "a Yankee nigger and did not take any impudence."

A Man of Mark.
"Prisoner," said the judge, taking a part in the examination himself, "the imprint left by the thief on the stolen jewel case corresponds exactly with the markings of your thumb. Now, as a matter of fact, isn't it yours? Didn't you make that imprint?"

"Why, your honor," stammered the prisoner, "I—I think—that is, I believe—well—or—that's my impression."—Chicago Tribune.

Little Jeffrey was an orphan lad whose father was killed in a railroad accident when Jeffrey was a tiny baby in his mother's arms. And the mother had been made so ill by the sudden death of little Jeffrey's father that she was no longer able to care for her baby and a few months later she went to join the father and baby Jeffrey was left all alone in the world.

Then friendly neighbors who had too many babies of their own to find room for this little fatherless and motherless boy had him taken to an orphan asylum and he grew up with 50 other boys and girls who had no mother or father.

When Alice Lane came to the home she was eight years old. Her mother and father had died within a few weeks of one another and it was a sad-eyed little girl who crouched about the big rooms of the home. Little Jeffrey had a big heart and he felt very sorry for Alice.

On the third day after her arrival he walked up to her and planting himself in front of her he said: "Alice Lane, why do you cry so much? Why don't you play?"

He was such a funny, freckle-faced little fellow that Alice smiled a faint little smile. It was the first one since her mother's death. Then the tears came again and she sobbed: "I want mamma, Jeffrey. I want papa, too, and my own home. This is big and lonesome and they don't love you like mamma and papa."

Little Jeffrey's New Year Luck



From that time on Alice and Jeffrey were the best of friends. He was such a cheerful little fellow and often so droll that many times Alice laughed in spite of herself.

But when Alice began to talk much of her home and her mamma and papa he began to wish for one, too. The wish grew and grew until at last he felt that there was nothing in the world that he wanted except a mother and a father and a home.

When Christmas time came and the children wrote their wishes on a piece of paper one of the house mothers read in Jeffrey's: "Ples, I don't want nothing but a father and a mother and a home with flowers in the window."

From time to time children were taken from the orphan's home by people who had no children of their own. The house mother hoped so much that little Jeffrey would be chosen and his wish granted. But the people who came passed by the eager little fellow who eyed each newcomer hopefully.

So Christmas day passed and Jeffrey received sweetmeats and warm clothing and an iron engine, but not the father and mother and home.

He cried himself to sleep that night and Alice had to turn comforter for the next few days.

"Mamma always said New Year's was the lucky day and maybe you'll get them then. And if you don't, then you will some other time," cause Mother Burns said she'd try.

On New Year's morning Jeffrey was awake early, and his first thought was:

"Maybe the mother'll come to-day."

A few hours later a very pretty woman dressed in velvet and furs followed by a tall man came to the home. Little Jeffrey looked up hopefully. But the woman seemed not to see the boys for her eyes were scanning the faces of the little girls. When she came to Alice she started:

"That's the one, Jerome," she said eagerly. "The same gentle face and blue eyes and golden hair. We must have her. It will seem like having our little Alice back again!"

When she learned the name of the little girl she had chosen she was still more interested.

"You would like to go home with me, dear, wouldn't you?" she asked Alice.

"Yes, ma'am," answered Alice, "but I couldn't go without Jeffrey, 'cause he's been my friend and he wants a father and a mother so bad."

"Oh, but I don't want a little boy, dear. I just want one little girl to make it seem as though my own Alice were living," answered the lady.

"Then I can't come," said Alice, "unless they make me go."

For a few moments the man and woman talked together and the man seemed to see in little Jeffrey all the things that other people had missed. He saw the honest blue eyes, the firm mouth and the manly walk, and he saw years ahead when the same little boy might be his partner in business.

"We want a son, as well as a daughter. So we will take you home and give you a happy New Year."

"New Year's is the lucky day, isn't it?" answered Jeffrey, beaming into the faces of his new parents. And the smile won the lady's heart and she took him as gladly as she did Alice.

So Jeffrey found his father and mother and home and a sister all on a happy New Year's day.—Farmers' Review.

SEABOARD AIR LINE RAILWAY

SOUTHBOUND TRAIN SCHEDULED TO LEAVE RICHMOND DAILY.

9:10 A. M.—Local to Norfolk, Raleigh, Charlotte, Wilmington, 2:20 P. M.—Sleepers and coaches, Savannah, Jacksonville and Florida points.

9:50 P. M.—Sleepers and coaches, Atlanta, Birmingham, Memphis, Savannah, Jacksonville and Southwest.

NORTHBOUND TRAINS SCHEDULED TO ARRIVE RICHMOND DAILY.

6:45 A. M., 5:10 P. M., 5:45 P. M. H. S. LEARD, D. P. A.

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7:00 A. M.—For Exposition, Monday, November 18th, to Saturday, November 23rd, inclusive.

9:00 A. M.—Norfolk and Exposition.

Fast daily trains to Old Point.

7:40 A. M.—Daily. Local to Newport News.

5:00 P. M.—Daily. Local to Old Point.

WEST BOUND—MAIN LINE.

4 P. M.—Daily. Louisville, Cincinnati, Chicago and St. Louis. Pullman sleeping cars.

10:00 A. M.—Week Days—Cincinnati, Daily—Charlottesville.

6:15 P. M.—Week Days—Local to Gordonsville.

JAMES RIVER LINE.

10:00 A. M.—Daily—Lynchburg, Lexington, Va. and Clifton Forge.

6:15 P. M.—Daily—To Lynchburg.

TRAINS ARRIVE RICHMOND.

From the East—9:40 A. M., 11:45 A. M., 7:00 P. M., 8:15 P. M., 9:30 P. M.

Main Line West—7:30 A. M., 9:30 A. M., 5:45 P. M., 7:45 P. M.

James River Line—9:35 A. M., 6:45 P. M., Daily except Sunday.

R. F. & P. Richmond, Fredericksburg, and Potomac Railroad.

TRAINS LEAVE RICHMOND—NORTHWARD.

6:35 A. M.—Daily—Byrd Street, Through.

7:00 A. M.—Daily—Byrd Street, Through.

7:30 A. M.—Week Days—Via. Ashland Accommodation.

8:40 A. M.—Daily—Byrd St. Through. Local stops.

12:00 Noon—Week Days—Byrd St. through.

12:30 P. M.—Week Days—Elba. Ashland Accommodation.

4:00 P. M.—Week Days—Byrd Street, Washington Accommodation.

5:45 P. M.—Sunday only—Elba. Washington Accommodation.

6:30 P. M.—Week Days—Elba. Ashland Accommodation.

6:45 P. M.—Daily—Main Street, Through.

6:50 P. M.—Daily—Byrd Street, Through.

TRAINS ARRIVE RICHMOND—SOUTHWARD.

6:30 A. M.—Week Days—Elba. Ashland Accommodation.

7:50 A. M.—Daily—Byrd Street, Through.

8:25 A. M.—Week Days—Byrd Street, Washington Accommodation.

10:35 A. M.—Sunday only—Elba. Washington Accommodation.

10:40 A. M.—Week Days—Elba. Ashland Accommodation.

12:20 P. M.—Daily—Main Street, Through.

2:45 P. M.—Daily—Byrd Street, Through.

5:40 P. M.—Week Days—Elba. Ashland Accommodation.

7:15 P. M.—Daily—Byrd Street, Through.

9:00 P. M.—Daily—Byrd St. Through. Local stops.

9:15 P. M.—Daily—Main Street, Through.

NOTE.—Pullman Sleeping or Parlor Cars on all above trains, except local accommodations. All trains to and from Byrd Street Station stop at Elba.

Time of arrivals and departures and connections not guaranteed.

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FOR NORFOLK—7:25 P. M., daily; 6:00 A. M., 9:00 A. M., and 3:00 P. M., except Sunday; 8:10 A. M., 1:10 P. M., and 7:00 P. M., Sunday only.

FOR WASHINGTON, THE WEST AND SOUTH—7:00 A. M., 10:00 A. M., 1:00 P. M., 4:00 P. M., 6:00 P. M., 8:00 P. M., 9:00 P. M., daily; 12:10 P. M., 3:10 P. M., 6:10 P. M., 9:10 P. M., Sunday; 11:15 A. M., and 9:45 P. M., Sunday only.

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TRAINS LEAVE RICHMOND.

N. B.—Following schedule figures published as an information and not guaranteed.

7:00 A. M.—Daily—Local for Charlotte, N. C.

11:25 A. M.—Daily—Limited—Burrhead, New Orleans, Memphis, Chattanooga, and all the South, through coach for Chase City, Oxford, Durham, and Raleigh.

6:00 P. M.—Except Sunday—Express, Pullman ready 6:30 P. M. for all the South.

YORK RIVER LINE.

4:30 P. M.—